A SATYR AGAINST SATYRS:

OR, AN ANSWER

To a late Pamphlet Intituled,

THE

Picture of a Coffee-house.

[LON]DON, Printed in the Year 1700.

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A SATYR AGAINST SATYRS, &c.

WHEN Glittering Stars around bedeck the Sphere,
And Silence is diffused every where;
When stretch'd at ease the busie Mortal Lies,
And *Somnus* closes up the wearied Eyes:
I've seen bright *Luna* Traversing the Sky,
With borrow'd Beams, *Sols* Absence to supply.
No Sounds are heard, but Brawling Quails and Frogs,
Or the hoarse Notes of Envious Snarling Dogs;
That Bark at her bright Globe, and Glorious Train,
And hurt not her, but fret themselves in Vain:
Such Dogs are Satyrists that shew their Spleen
In Railing Pamphlets, and [illegible]
They show their Teeth, and Rack their aking Brains,
To Punish Vice, and feel themselves the Pain.

B—re the Prince of Satyrists has Writ,
The Noblest Satyr 'gainst the Plague of Wit;
This with the rest meets equal Fate: Poor Man!
Wits will be Madmen still, do what he can;
And Madmen-like, Ungratefully they'll Wound,
The Doctor that would kindly make them Sound.
Tho' *G—th* himself do take the Lash in Hand,
His Satyrs ne'er can a Redress Command;
Apothecary's Homicides will be,
And hate the Name of the Dispensarie.
Vagellius still an *Ambidexter* is,
And moulds a Cause which way you please, for Fees.
N—k will Love [illegible] what you will,
The *Letcher* Whipt, will be a *Letcher* still.
If *Juvenal* or *Flaccus* now should Write,
They'd Lash in Vain, and be discarded quite.
  Then what Poetick Fury fill'd thy Breast,
Thus Vainly to disturb thy Peace and Rest?
What could'st thou not some other Subject find,
To Exercise thy Vainly Trifling Mind;
Could not thy Fancy carry thee to Court,
To *Westminster*, or Park, or Stage for Sport?
What, did you never see [illegible] Wife?
You'd better Paint her [illegible] the Life;
From Nine to One, from Two till Eve [illegible],
She's Dayly in the Shop to have it Drawn;

And

And there her Business is from Day to Day;
To Ogle, Read a Novel, or a Play:
These would afford thee, without [illegible],
Much fitter Subjects for thy Merriment.
But poor Stockjobbers in their sad Disaster,
Must bear th' Affronts of every Poetaster:
But if thy Muse to Satyr hurry thee,
And the Stockjobbers must the Subject be,
Write and Lash on, quench thy Poetick Thirst,
I dare be Sworn, thy Muse will tire the first;
With brows of Brass they'll hear themselves reprov'd,
And proof against all Shame, remain unmov'd.
Talk Metaphysicks to the unthinking Swine,
Tell the dull Ass that five and four makes Nine;
Preach to the Rock, like Venerable *Bede*;
Make these to Understand, and you'll succeed.

Vain Fool! To think by Pamphlets of such Price,
To make Stockjobbers hate their Darling Vice;
Not Laws, nor Shame, nor Fear, can them refrain;
They'll break through all, to Interest and Gain,
Gain's a more solid Argument to perswade,
Than all th' Orations *Cicero* has made.
To this we owe the Pamphlets of *Tom Br——n*,
The little Penny Poet of the Town.
Whate'er is Gain and Interest, they call,
Religion, Vertue, Goodness, and their All.

This

This is the grand Amusement of their Mind,
That does their Souls in Stubborn Fetters bind;
They'll serve their Interest, no matter how,
For Honesty's a Drug that few do know.
The little Citts they dayly Sacrifice,
That the great Knaves may on their Ruines Rise;
Thus by the quickest way they Cure their Itch,
And Right or Wrong, betimes they'd fain be Rich.
Thus Wisely do our Modern Men of Sense,
The dull Formalities of Trade dispence;
And in one day by Knavery get more,
Than Honesty can furnish in Fourscore.
Thus *Alexander*, *Philip*'s God-like Son,
By formal Arts, his Kingdom ne'er had won;
At one bold Stroke, his Sword the Knot unty'd,
When others many Years in Vain had try'd:
So Learned *W——b*, in one Sheet writes more Sense,
Than *F——*'s in Ten with sour Impertinence.
  But sure thou'rt Mad, and Madder still, to think
To cleanse a *Common-shore*, by Pen and Ink;
Stop first the Inlets that this Sink increase;
Destroy the Cause, and the Effect will cease.
The City's Pride foments this Baneful Trade,
And has of Honesty Destruction made.
The Tricks you find among this Jobbing Fry,
Are to Indulge their Wives in Foppery.

The

The product of a common Dilligence,
Cann't now ſupport a Citizens Expence;
'Twill not maintain Coaches and Six, to wait
Upon His Majeſty, in Pomp and State;
And nothing leſs with City-Wife goes down,
Than *Indian Atlas*'s and *Velvet* Gown;
Rich *Damask* Petticoats, and in the Room
Of Modeſt Silken Fringe, broad Gold Galoom;
Brocade, and Jewels, Store of *China* Ware,
With other Trinkets that Expenſive are.
Thus theſe Court Mimicks, Empty Baggs and Tills,
Faſter than honeſt Gain in Trading fills.
A pair of Stockings, or the Price that comes
From Sale of now and then a Pound of Plumbs,
Cannot maintain our City-Dames ſo high;
Unleſs their Husbands deal in Stocks, they'll fly.

Then think no more to ſtem this furious Tide,
Till you can firſt Correct the City's Pride;
But to do this, a greater Labour is,
Than all the famous Tasks of *Hercules.*
Then lay aſide thy Pencils dipt in Gall,
Since only on thy ſelf the ſmart muſt fall.
All Satyr's Vain, and 'tis the Poet's Curſe,
To be Deſpis'd, and have an Empty Purſe.
And Oh, that *G—th* would Laſh in Vain no more, but Sing,
The Triumphs of our Great and moſt Victorious King.

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The product of a common Diligence,
Can't now support a Citizens Expence;
'Twill not maintain Coaches and Six, to wait
Upon His Majesty, in Pomp and State;
And nothing less with City-Wife goes down,
Than Indian Silk's and Velvet Gown,
Rich Damask Petticoats, and in the Room
Of Modest Silken Fringe, broad Gold Galoon;
Brocade, and Jewels, Store of China Ware,
With other Trinkets that Expensive are.
Then these Court-Knicks, Empty Bags and Tills,
Rather than be wanting in Trading skill,
A Pair of Stockings, or the Price that came
[illegible]
Cannot maintain our City Dames so high;
Unless their Husbands deal in Stocks, they'll fly.

Then think no more to stem this furious Tide,
Till you can first Correct the City's Pride.
But to do this, a greater Labour is,
Than all the famous Tasks of Hercules.
Then lay aside thy Pencils dipt in Gall,
Since only empty [illegible] the snare must fall,
All Satyr's Vain, and 'tis the Poet's Curse,
To be Derided, and [illegible] an Empty Purse.
And Oh, [illegible] would Lash in Vain no more, but sing
The Triumphs of our Great and most Victorious King.

FINIS.